

making these pilgrimages, I could not get my mind away from the living and remember only the sweetness and devotion of my dear, dead mother.

I kept taking myself to task for not telephoning as Dick wished.

Even as I put the posies on the grave my thoughts went straying to Dick and how I had failed him just when I had determined to do so much to help him. Of course, it was a "little thing," but I know I make so much of the "little things" that he does that he should leave undone and the little things that he should leave undone that he does that maybe he feels the same about me.

Ah, mother dear, if you were here with me I know you would not let me make these mistakes and, having made them, you would tell me whether it would be better to "own up" to Dick or to just let it go by and do better next time.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

THE LIFE SONG

By Mrs. Francis C. Spath.

The life bark sails on the sea of time,
Both through a sunny and shady
clime,

But e'en throughout is the life-song
sung.

Wearily, wearily, wearily.

The life in the bark has gained many
things,

But to a phantom delusion clings,
And e'en throughout is the life-song
sung.

Dreadfully, dreadfully, dreadfully.

The life-love enters the bark beside,
Shares in the journey whate'er be-
tide;

Then e'en throughout is the life-song
sung,

Cheerily, cheerily, cheerily.

Attendant (in British museum)—
This book, sir, was once owned by
Cicero. American Tourist—Pshaw!
that's nothing. Why, in one of our

American museums we have the lead
pencil which Noah used to check off
the animals as they came out of the
Ark.

LATE SPRING COSTUMES HAVE NO SLEEVES



For the first time in some years we
are going to wear sleeves of a differ-
ent color from the dress during the
spring season.

The costume shown is of black tulle,
made with a peg-top skirt and
plain sleeveless waist and yoke of
heavy moccasin lace. Thin white
lawn sleeves and vest make this
gown a most fashionable one.